

BY DANIEL CLEVERTON

S BOY and man, Col. Bryant had been a soldier. As a boy his ambition had been a cadetship at West Point, and the sarmy as a life career. Blessed with wealthy parents, there seemed nothing In the way to the accomplishment of This ideal when the opportune time arrived. At 15 he began a course of study that would fit him to pass the required examination and admit him to the United States military academy. At 18 the opportunity came. There was a vacancy at the academy to be filled by appointment from his congressional district, and he entered eagerly into the competition for the -coveted place, feeling confident of winning the prize.

His most formidable opponent was Billy Edwards, the son of a struggling clergyman, into whose path fate shad thrown no special opportunities, but who had improved every chance for study that had been given him, and who wished the appointment merely as a means of securing a desired education.

The two had never been friendly, and on one of two occasions had had some boyish quarrels over the attentions each had attempted to bestow upon Blossom Nathan. When Billy Edwards won the coveted appointment every semblance of friendship between the two boys ceased, and Bob Bryant refused even to associate with anyone who called young Edwards their friend.

Grievously disappointed in not winming the cadetship, young Bryant entered a military academy with a determination to prepare himself for a military career, trusting to his father's wealth and influence to secure for him an appointment to the army.

During their school days both boys Ment up a correspondence with Blossom Nathan, until at the end of three years Bryant insisted that she could not retain the friendship of both he and Edwards, and that all correspondence between her aud his rival must cease, or her would have nothing more to do with her. The young lady very promptly informed her angry suitor that she would choose her own friends, and he accepted her deci-

Six months after Lieut. Edwards shad graduated from West Point and entered the army he made Blossom Nathan his wife, and took her to the western post, where his command was stationed.

Bryant in the mountains had findshed his college course, and not finding it so easy to secure a civil appointment to the army, had settled down to the study of law in his home town, and confined his military ambitions to a place in a local company of state guards.

save the union. The southern states | frail staff had been broken, and the had secceded; the flag had been fired flag blown away. He stopped to from wounds and disease.

read the name on the stone. It was: BVT. LIEUT. COL. WILLIAM ED-WARDS.

Instantly all the old animosity of the years gone by returned. The man buried here had stolen from him his opportunity, had stolen the girl he loved and then there came to him the thought that this man had sacrificed his life for the flag; that this man had lost his life in bringing success to himself and his comrades, and had helped in saving them from probable annihilation at the hands of the en-

Reverently he stooped over the grave and planted the flag he carried beside the white stone. As he did so a woman's voice close behind him said:

"I thank you." He turned. It was Blossom Nathan. The same Blossom, though a sad, sweet-faced woman now, instead of the chit of a girl he had known so many years ago. The years of exposure and hardship had changed him so she did not know him.

"It is my husband's grave," she explained. "The wind has evidently blown the flag away, and I have been looking for it, but without success. It seemed so lonely without a flag like the others."

"Blossom!" he cried. "Don't you know me?"

The voice brought back to her the days of her girlhood; the impetuous boyish lover.

She gave him her hand, and together they left that battlefield, where hope had died and hope was born

A few months later she again fourneyed to the west to spend her life at an army post-a soldier's wife.



By T. C. HARBAUGH.

What has set the drums a-beating 'neath the tender skies of May? Why troop the children from the fields with flowers fresh and gay?

I see the vet'rans gather in their buttoned coats of blue,

With here and there an empty slee'be to

prove the wearer true;

I hear them talk of battles in their youth-

time long ago,
Where side by side they stood and met the

onslaughts of the foe; And now the boice is silent, and each soldier bows his head, For well they know this sacred day Colum-bia crowns her dead.



The flag half-mast is flying and the air is filled with praise
Of those who by the Nation stood through-

out her trying days, When strode the God of Battles in his fury o'er the land,
And crimson grew Potomac's tide and red
the Rio Grande;
When the cannon tore the cedars in the

green vales of the South Where now the blue-bird builds her nest deep in the mortar's mouth; But ah! the snowy wings of Peace above

those fields are spread, And Columbia, like a mother, comes to crown her gallant dead.



No more I hear the rumble of the battle's brasen car, I habe to part the flowers fair to find the

wounds of war; I hear a robin singing where the colonel And a butterfly is how ring where the legions multiplied; The bugle is no longer heard on fields we

And the roses bloom in beauty in the sacred camps of Fame, And down the street a-marching, with Old Glory at their head, Come the bet rans, for Columbia bids them

love to name,



Sleep on. O wearers of the blue! the meed of praise you've won, Sleep on the long, long summer thro' in shadow and in sun;

The sweetest bloom that Nature yields lies on the soldier's breast, And nevermore war's clarion notes shall break your peaceful rest; The battle echoes vanish like a distant

cannon's boom, Behold! Columbia gently lays a wreath upon'a tomb.
"My chi dren! Peace be with you!" speaks
she low with drooping head,
Then she kisses all the roses she has laid
upon her dead.



Statistics of the Army That Put Down the Rebellion.

The enlistments in the union army during the civil war reached the enormous total of 2,898,304. It is not possible to know exactly how many enlistments there were in the confederate army, because the confederate states failed to keep a reliable record of the number of men furnished to the service, and such statistics as are to be had are incomplete. It is estimated, however, that there were be tween 600,000 and 700,000 men in the confederate armies, and that fully 200, 000 of this number died in tattle or

MEMORIAL DAY

Something of Its Origin and a Prophecy as to Its Future.

By MAJ. GEN. FRED. D. GRANT HE idea of this beautiful cus tom was first suggested and made a great national holiday by Gen. John A. Logan. He was a thoughtful man, swayed by sentiment of the highest order, and a close student of the classics. read much and frequently referred to historic episodes in his speeches.

By nature Gen, Logan was inclined to be heroic, and so after the war, after reading much about the beautiful customs of the ancient Greeks in honoring their dead heroes with ceremonies and flowers at annual fes tivals, it came to him in a moment of inspiration that it would be a patriotic and popular thing to likewise honor the dead soldiers of our own country in a similar way. He held that to decorate the soldiers' graves once a year in the month of May with its flowers and blooming splendor would awaken new sentiments of loyalty and regard for the government among the people.

It was a fact, as he well knew, that nearly every household had lost one or more members or relatives or dear friends. Gen. Logan's inspiration awoke a response in every heart and his movement was soon organized and made of national importance, Grand Army posts were established



in every section of the country. All agreed that decorating the graves of soldiers with flowers on the day ap pointed would give the nation new life and be welcomed by all the peo

But this is not all. The religious sentiment at the bottom of the idea -of honoring the dead soldiers and perpetuating the memory of their heroic deeds made the day something higher and nobler than anything known in the days of the Greeks Thus it came about that Memorial Day became the greatest of all our American holidays. It was a day for the bereaved to commune at the tombs of their honored dead.

For many years, as we all know the custom was an event-the most beautiful, pathetic and sacred of our holidays-but later on, as the ranks of the survivors grew thinner and the families who had contributetd so many lives to the war passed away, the day became more like other holidays-a day more noted for military parade, day for games and picnics and hav ing a good time generally, until now the general public are coming to look on Memorial day as an ordinary national holiday, like Washington's Birthday or the Fourth of July.

Had it not been for the deep religlous sentiment, with prayers and church services held in honor of the soldiers, Memorial day would from the beginning in all probability have been attended with the noise and display of the Fourth of July. Fortunately this religious sentiment has made the people more thoughtful, and instead of noise and gun firing we have gone in for more quiet recreation-country picnics-making the day more like a festival than a day of mere noise and parade.

I think it is a beautiful idea, this decorating the graves of those who sacrificed their lives in the tremendous days of the war and purely out of patriotic devotion, and it is a pity indeed that public sentiment is gradually changing and we are forgetting the solemn lessons taught by the war and of the sacred meaning of honoring the dead-drifting away and making the sacred festival more and more a common holiday of races, noisy picnics and having a good time general ly, with no particular sentiment and mating the thousands who should take a higher view of Memorial day.



HE MADE A MISTAKE.

New Jersey Private Mistook Violin Resin for Shaving Soap.

"A soldler named Ed Morton," said a veteran from New Jersey, "was one of the quickest men with the fiddle I ever listened to, and he carried it with him to begulle camp life. fellow named Charles Foster was his tent mate, who, having discovered a slight down on his chin, endeavored to coax it forward by frequent application of his razor.

"One day Charlie was boasting of a cake of shaving soap he had found, and said that he had used it twice, and had found it just fine. He offered to lend it to Morton. When the 'soap' was produced Morton exclaimed: 'Why, if there ain't my resin that I have been looking for more than a week.'

"There was soap enough in the brush to make lather and Charlie thought he was using soap when he had the fiddle medicina."



ICK - Tick - Tickety - Tick - Tick. The telegraph instruments spelled out the nation's cry for help. Unto every city, village and hamlet went the rallying call to Columbia's sons.

A nation's emblem-Old Glory-had been fired upon. Flying from the mast head it had been met in a southern port by the ominous boom of defiant cannon. War, grim visaged war, had come.

heroic deeds, of unexampled valor, upon all history. A conflict that was to pit brother against brother, friend against friend, each

A conflict that was to leave its record of

battling for the right as he saw the right. From the farm and factory, the store and office, the pulpit and schoolroom came the answer. It echoed from ocean to ocean, from east to west and north:

"We're coming, Father Abraham, Five hundred thousand strong!"

The roll of the drum, the shrill notes of the bugle, marked the mustering camps, and into them gathered the flower of the nation's manhood.

From out these mustering camps there marched an army clad in blue, each hero eager to perform that duty, no matter what it be, assigned to him.

"Southward, ever southward," was the battle cry. "Southward to meet the foeman, an army clad in gray.'

For four long years the din of battle resounded through the land. For four long years there was an incessant boom of cannon, a rattle of musketry, the clash of steel upon steel. For four long years the army in gray proved a valiant foeman for the army in blue. Sons of the north and of the south fell upon hundreds of stubbornly contested battlegrounds, and found a last long resting place side by side in nameless graves. The prayers that ascended unto heaven from those battlefields were for both blue and gray; one bugle's strains sounded the final "taps" for the valiant sons of both the north and south.



Near half a century has passed away since the disbanding of those two mighty armies; since the victorious blue and the defeated gray parted with a handshake at Appomattox. The heartaches and pain of four years of strife swallowed up in the glories of peace and a reunited nation. Back to the plow and the factory, back to the store and office, back to the pulpit and school room, back to the duties of peace, to the work of repairing the devastations of war, went Columbia's sons, north and south.



As we gather today with spring flow ers to do reverance to the heroes who have gone we must look back that half a century to review those scenes of

The cannon that then dealt death and destruction are today moss covered and buried beneath the debris of the battlefields of old.

Time has healed the ravages of war, and covered with a softening hand the evidences of that four years of warfare.

But we have the remaining gray-haired veterans, and the graves of those passed away, to remind us of the valor of Columbia's sons.

The generation of today has not forgotten, and the generations yet unborn will not forget, the care due these final resting places of a nation's dead.

We scatter flowers upon them in token of our appreciation of their services to their country of yesterday, our country of today.

Whatever their place in life, whatever their station, whatever their fortune, they are deserving of equal honor at out

And unto them a grateful nation has dedicated this day; a day on which we, with freshest flowers, pay tribute to the memory of the nation's heroes.

In the immortal words of him who called that army in blue into being; who directed it during its hard fought campaigns; who bid the men that comprised it a God speed back to their homes when its work was done: "But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living or dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.'

Wright A. Patterson.





Every available company of

the regular service had been rushed

eastward for the defense of Washing-

talions and regiments were flocking

into the mustering camps. With the

volunteers went Bob Bryant as cap-

tain of his company. With the regulars sent to Washington went First

Lieut. Edwards, while Mrs. Edwards

went back to her old home to await

the return of her husband from the

The four years of war dragged wearlly along. Lieut. Edwards stuck to

the regular service and rose to the

rank of major, and brevet lieutenant

colonel, as which he commanded his

regiment. Capt. Bryant of the vol-

unteer service rose to the rank of

At the battle of Gettysburg Col.

Bryant was temporarily in command

of a brigade stationed at Cemetery

Hill. During the first day's fighting

his command in company with all

others at that point in the line of

battle had suffered severely. With

the reenforcements of the second day

Lieut. Col. Edwards, and during the

fighting of that day Edwards fell

came the regiment commanded

and was buried on the field.

front.

colonel.

Volunteers in companies, bat-

Beside the White Stone

For 12 years he followed the trail of the red man, and then "the good of the service" took him to Washington to serve for a time on the staff of the general commanding the army. It was this that accounted for his presence on the Gettysburg battlefield on Decoration day, 1878.

He walked over the ground so flercely contested in '63 and glanced at the white headstones looking for the name of his comrades. At each grave there was planted a small flag, similar to one he carried idly in his Then came the call to arms to hand. At one grave he noticed the